

## CORY'S DAILY CARTOON.

John Bull Gets a Shock.



"Merry Christmas, John. Here's What's Left of the Treaty."

## SATURDAY SERMON BY TALMAGE.

Come In on One Piece of the Ship; No Time to Waste Discussing Creeds.

ONE object in this sermon is to encourage all those who cannot take the whole system of religion as we believe it, but who really believe something, to come ashore on one plank. If you can come in on the grand old ship, I would rather have you get aboard, but if you can only find a piece of wood as long as the human body, or a piece as wide as the outspread human arms, and either of them is a piece of the cross, come in on that piece. Tens of thousands of people are to-day kept out of the Kingdom of God because they cannot believe everything. I do not know how your theological system went to pieces. It may be that your parents started you with only one plank, and you believe little or nothing. Or they may have been too rigid and severe in religious discipline, and cracked you over the head with a psalm book. It may be that some partner in business who was a member of an evangelical church played on you a trick that disgusted you with religion.

It may be that you have associated who have talked against Christianity in your presence until you are "all at sea," and you dwell more on things that you do not believe than on things that you do believe.

If you can believe nothing else, you certainly believe in vicarious suffering, for you see it almost every day in some shape.

The steamship Knickerbocker, of the



REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Cromwell line, running between New Orleans and New York, was in great straits, and the captain and crew saw the schooner Mary D. Cranmer, of Philadelphia, in distress. The weather cold, the waves mountain high, the first officer of the steamship and four men put out in a lifeboat to save the crew of the schooner, and reached the vessel and towed it out of danger, the wind shifting so that the schooner was saved. But the five men of the steamship

coming back, their boat capsized, yet righted again and came on, the sailors coated with ice. The boat capsized again, and three times upset and was righted, and a line was thrown the poor fellows, but their hands were frozen so they could not grasp it, and a great wave rolled over them, and they went down, never to rise again till the sea gives up its dead.

Appreciate that heroism and self-sacrifice of the brave fellows all who can, and can we not appreciate the Christ who put out into a more biting cold and into a more overwhelming surge, to bring us out of infinite peril into everlasting safety? The wave of human sin rolled over him from one side and the wave of selfish fury rolled over him on the other side.

My sympathies are for such all the more because I was naturally skeptical, disposed to question everything about this life and the next, and I was sometimes the annoyance of my theological professor because I asked so many questions.

I would rather in a mud scow try to weather the worst cyclone that ever swept up from the Caribbean than risk my immortal soul in useless and perilous discussions in which some of my brethren in the ministry are indulging.

When there are so many struggling in the wave of sin and sorrow and woe, let us let all else go but salvation for time and salvation forever.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

## ABOUT BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS.

The Novel That Is Dramatized—The Horror-Maker's Newest Venture.

SEVERAL years ago Brander Matthews informed his English literature class at Columbia that "Ten Nights in a Barroom," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and "East Lynne" were almost the only books in the English language ever dramatized with any permanent success. French literature at that time held few more instances of the foremost being the younger Dumas's "Dame aux Camelias," which has so thoroughly passed into the list of chances that half the people in this country who see it under the title of "Camille" do not know of the novel's existence. Prof. Matthews was practically correct, at the time he spoke, in limiting successful dramatic adaptations to three. But if he delivers the same lecture nowadays he will be forced to keep his class working overtime and

will acquire a fine case of bronchitis before he gets half way down the list of dramatized novels. With the success of the Trilby play, the race for dramatizing novels began. In a few years, at the present rate of speed, Webster's dictionary and the City Directory will stand alone in the depleted ranks of undramatized novels. And the only reason for these popular works' escape at the hands of the adapter will be that the former contains too many words and too little action, and that the latter calls for too large a cast.

H. Rider Haggard has four unvarying characters. No matter what the book may be, this same quartet appears in the same old form. A few local repairs of dress and dialect and the thing is done. The quartet consists of the Hero, a pathetically simple, brave and ridiculously unlucky man; the Heroine, who combines all the virtues and has a little of the hero's bluntness on the side; the Villainess (is there such a word? There should be) who usually loves the hero and who scores (in every lining except the ninth) against the heroine. In the last chapter she usually gets all that's coming to her. (Note—More villains, male and female, die of the last chapter and last act than of all the contiguous discourses this world has ever known.) The fourth character is the Goodnatured Giant, whose merriest recreation it is to die amid a ring of his slain, in defense of the stupid hero. All four of these worthies, with a few new ones to keep them company, appear in Haggard's latest novel, "Lyseth; a Tale of the Dutch," now running in Pearson's Magazine. The story is well written and gives a probably truthful idea of its period, but it will do little to enhance the fame of the man who created "She." As a vendor of horrors and impossibilities Haggard stands pre-eminent among living writers. As a writer of mere historical fiction, the best place he can hope for is among the noble army of "also runs."

## FASCINATING NEGLIGEE.

This delicious confection is of soft rose-tinted cashmere with open work embroidery. The front, lower sleeves



back are of accordion plaited chiff. The bordering of pink satin ribbon is a pretty finishing touch.

The greatest must at times pay tribute in the form of humiliation at the shrine of ignorance. Richard Harding Davis was induced to read an original short story at a literary gathering of some sort. At the conclusion a fair damsel turned up to him with the following bit of unalloyed praise:

"Oh, Mr. Davis, I liked that little

story of yours so much! Is it your first attempt? A man who can write so prettily ought to take up literature as a profession."

A second instance of the same sort occurred at a reception given to E. Marlow Crawford, Mary E. Wilkins was dragged before him by a well-meaning hostess.

"Mr. Crawford," said the hostess, "this is Miss Wilkins, with whose works you must be familiar."

"Ah," remarked the novelist, politely, "does she write?"

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

LOVE IS ENOUGH.

I SAID to my true love, true love.

I said to my true love:

"We cannot dwell in splendid halls.

My cottage hath but dingy walls.

With humble roof above."

And my true love, she smiled and said:

"Love is enough, love is enough.

Joy dwells where'er true hearts are wed.

Love is enough, love is enough."

I said to my sweetheart, sweet-heart.

I said to my sweetheart:

"I have to fame to bring thee, sweet.

No wreaths to lay before thy feet—

Mine is life's humble part."

But my sweetheart, she said to me:

"Love is enough, love is enough.

The world is only thee and me, sweet.

Love is enough, love is enough."

I said to my dear one, dear one.

I said to my dear one:

"I am not great in any way.

No maids or men my beck obey;

No slaves to serve me run."

And my dear one did closer cling.

(Love is enough, love is enough).

And said: "But thou shalt be my king.

Love is enough, love is enough."

—George Horton.

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## The World.

VOL. 41. NO. 1435.

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## AN UNWORTHY MEMORIAL TO A WORTHY WOMAN.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union want the public school children of the Republic to be compelled to listen to discourses upon the life and work of Frances Willard on each anniversary of her birthday. And as the Union are powerful and aggressive there is grave danger of their having a partial or even large success.

This movement is one of the most insidious and perilous attacks thus far planned against the public schools.

If it is successful, who can fix the limit of the perversion of the public school system from its only legitimate function—secular education?

Nobody denies that Miss Willard was a good woman, sincere, devoted to the right as she saw the right, worthy of imitation in the essentials of character. But how can the public school-house that refuses admission to any and all religious teachers admit in such an exalted way the propaganda of a sub-set of religion—a sub-set not looked upon with favor by even a majority of the devotedly religious people of the Republic? Why should it admit the teachers of a theory that is not in harmony with the fundamental doctrine of the Republic—freedom of the individual? For Miss Willard was not a teacher of temperance, nor are her followers teachers of temperance. They are teachers of total abstinence, and that by the most offensive method—statutory prohibition. They assert that drinking is not a matter of taste, inclination, individual choice, individual judgment, but a crime, a violation of fundamental moral law.

And it is to teach these doctrines that they demand the forcible attention of the children of the public schools.

Even were drunkenness on the increase, even were the use of liquors a menace to the prosperity and progress of the Republic, still would there be any value in official recognition of the fact? For what could be more idle than to use moral suasion or legislative force with a people so degenerate? It would be like shaking a forbidding forefinger at an oncoming tornado.

But drinking is not a great danger any longer, whatever it may have been fifty years ago. Modern industrial conditions are merciless. They compel a sound body and a clear brain. The tippler is compelled to stop tipping under penalty of losing his job and being unable to get another. The drunkard is flung upon the refuse heaps of civilization. And among the more enlightened a man or woman who drinks to excess is now looked upon with contempt and disgust where he or she was once tolerated and even in a way approved.

Morals and moral crusades have had little to do with the change. It has been brought about solely by the increase of intelligence, the increasing necessity of using all one's brain power in order to get a living. It doesn't make a particle of difference what you believe about drinking; you must see to it that your brain and nerves are in condition for the daily and hourly struggle.

There are many appetites far more in need of education and restraint than the appetite for drink. Full as many Americans are incapacitated for energetic and successful work by their habits of slowly poisoning themselves with griddle-cakes and molasses, fried steak, lobster salad, three and four gluttonous indulgences a day, as by excessive use of whiskey, wine and beer. And overeating and improper eating are much more dangerous than drunkenness, because the consequences are less immediately apparent. What was the moral of that story in yesterday's news, about the delegate to the temperance convention whom the doctor found in a state of utter collapse through drinking ten cups of coffee a day?

The facts in proof that the total-abstinence ladies are not using their splendid energies of conscience and devotion to the welfare of the race as wisely or as effectively as they might add force to the fundamental objection to the Willard memorial plan.

Before any trustee of any public school yields to the insistence of these estimable ladies, let him pause and reflect on the meaning of any letting down of the barriers between the public schools and the propagandists of theories and ideas not universally accepted and not a part of a secular education.

The public schools are sacred to public education. In the discharge of that high duty they have more than enough to occupy every moment of the school hours.

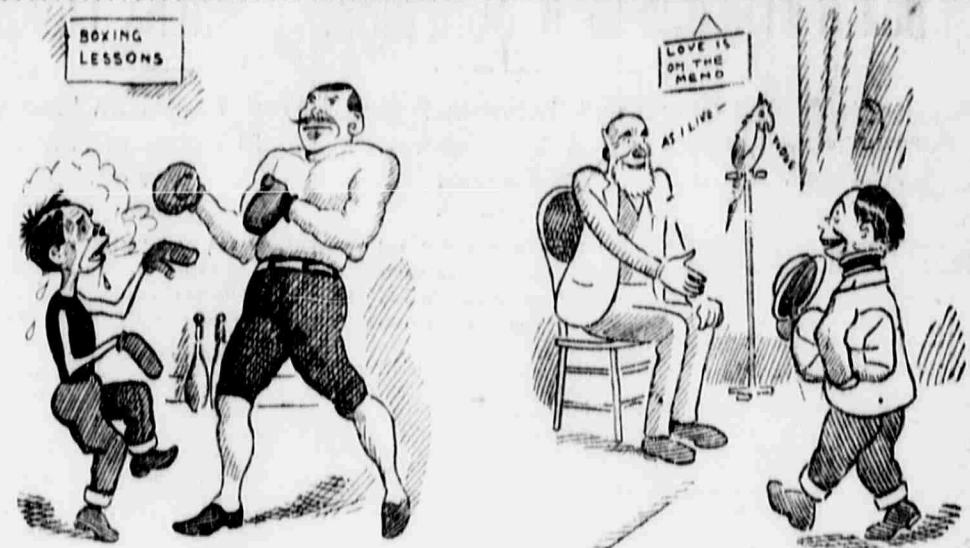
## ALL A MISTAKE.



Perognating Peters—Wasn't yer like to be as happy as I lark? Sollem Simpson—Naw, dat's all er mistake. Er lark has ter get up too early ter be happy.

## HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE CHARLIE?

By T. E. POWERS.



1. How'd you like to concoct a scheme to set your self straight in Miss Tootsey Wootsey's eyes and at the same time "get back" at Papa Wootsey, and set about the first step of it by taking a course of boxing lessons from Prof. McSwatt, champion heavy-weight "dead end" of America—as Charlie did?



2. And (when you'd fully mastered side-stepping, straight jabs, half-hooks and jolts, until you felt yourself invincible) to carry the gloves across to Wootsey—opposite some evening and carefully ask good Deacon Wootsey (who never saw a boxing glove before) to have a friendly round with you—as Charlie did?



3. And say to him (while Tootsey looks on in awe at your skill): "Now, Deacon, just you go at me as if I was an awkward amateur like yourself. Don't be afraid, and don't get angry if a chance blow of mine floors you." And then sail in to wreak dark-red vengeance on him—as Charlie did?

4. And suddenly find the room is very drunk and that some horrid joker has snuff off the sun and set off a painful rockets in your brain, while good Deacon Wootsey uses you as a pommel for his golf bag against the ceiling, as he tells you cheerfully: "I'm not a bit afraid! What goes up must come down!"—AS HE DID CHARLIE?

IN THE "MOONSHINE" DISTRICT.



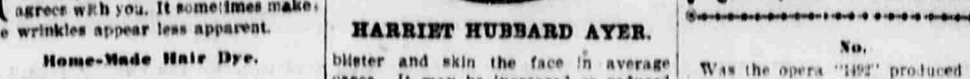
Anxious Father—I am afraid Bill will never amount to anything. I see him loafing around the pump, drinking water.

CAUTION NECESSARY.

Contributor (reading aloud)—His eyes were riveted on her face.

Magazine Editor—Riveted? Here, cut that out. If he didn't belong to the union you'll have all the boiler-makers in this country down on us.

HE WAS RIGHT.



He—if I were you, I wouldn't be a fool. She—indeed you would not.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER: Expert Advice to Seekers of Beauty.

Plain Remedies to Help Plain Women.

To Remove a Double Chin.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

What is good to remove a double chin?

B. P.

PROPER massage will reduce the chin. Be very careful to get an operator who understands her art. An unskilful massage will do more harm than good.

As Astringent for Wrinkles.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

Kindly print a remedy for wrinkles, something that will draw them together, and will they injure the hair or scalp?

A. B. C.

Home-Made Hair Dye.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

Please publish your bleach and food formulas for the skin.

ANXIOUS READER.

HERE are the formulas you desire. Formula for face bleach—B. Chloride of mercury in coarse powder, 10 grains; distilled water, 1 pint. Agitate the two together until a complete solution is obtained. Then add one-half ounce of glycerine. Apply with a small sponge as often as agreeable. This is not strong enough to



HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

blister and skin the face in average cases. It may be increased or reduced in strength by adding to or taking from the amount of bicarbonate of mercury. Do not forget that this last ingredient is a powerful poison and should be kept out of the reach of children and ignorant persons.

Skin Food—White wax, 1 ounce; spermaceti, 1 ounce; lanoline, 2 ounces; sweet almond oil, 4 ounces; coconut oil, 2 ounces; tincture of benzoin, 30 drops; orange flower water, 2 ounces. Melt the first five ingredients together. Take off the fire and beat until nearly cold, adding, little by little, the benzoin, and lastly the orange flower water.

To Reduce a Stout Face.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

Do you know of anything that would reduce a rather stout face? I am not very stout otherwise, but my face is very fleshy. BERTIE, St. Louis, Mo.

PROPER massage would reduce the stout face. There is no question about this method. I have seen it successfully done time and again.

A Cure for Blushes.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

What can I do to stop blushing? I go

not think I am bashful, but I blush until I feel so uncomfortable that I give way to a temper and stop speaking.

CLAIRE.

NO ONE can do this work for you. Self-control you must acquire. The best plan is to force yourself to go into society and learn to govern your temper.

Blushing is not a criminal performance and sensible men and women very much prefer the sensitive girl who blushes to one who is so sophisticated that nothing can phase her.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

No.

Was the opera "182" produced at the Garden Theatre?

J. H.

McGovern.

Who was the "cavort" in the betting at the McGovern-Dixon fight, held last January?

R. C. A.

"Greenwich."

Kindly inform me how "Greenwich" is usually pronounced.

B. G.

Twenty-nine, Forty.

What are the ages of Della Fox and Lillian Russell?

M. WILSON.

Copper Union.

Where can I learn bookkeeping free of charge?

ED. D.

Bill is Right.

Dave says that a man born in a foreign country and becoming a citizen of the United States, can hold the office of President of this country if elected. Bill says he cannot. Which is right?

A. and B.

Board of Health.

I want to complain about my neighbor's dog, that barks and howls from dusk to dawn and robs me of sleep. To whom shall I go about it?

A. J. ENRIGHT, JR.